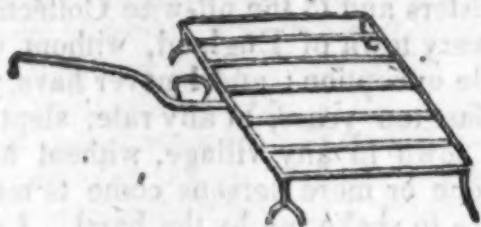


COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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"Here I pay in poor-rates, only *seven* dollars a year upon a rent of *six hundred*. In short, how is it possible that there should be paupers to any amount, where the common average wages of a labourer are *six dollars a week*; that is to say, *twenty-seven shillings sterling*, and where the necessities of life are, upon an average, at *half* the price that they are at in England? How can a man be a *pauper*, where he can earn ten pounds of prime hog-meat a day, six days in every week?"—*YEAR'S RESIDENCE*, New Edition, p. 227, paragraph 396

RURAL RIDE.

FROM BARN ELM INTO THE EAST OF SUSSEX.

Barn-Elm Farm, 24th June, 1829.

ON Friday last, the 19th instant, I set off for the neighbourhood of BATTLE in SUSSEX, taking the road through BRONLEY, SEVEN OAKS, and TONBRIDGE. The object of the journey was to obtain some authentic information upon a subject, which is at this time of great interest to many of my readers; namely, on the *subject of emigration to the United States of America*. The present article, will, however, present my readers with other matter besides this. I shall divide into three distinct parts: 1. EMIGRATION TO AMERICA: 2. The state of the CORN CROPS at this time: 3. The PECUNIARY STATE of the Agricultural part of the country, with a glance at recent proceedings in the Collective.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

I heard, several years ago, but since the publication of my *Year's Residence*, that some of the parishes in the eastern part of SUSSEX, that is to say, in the neighbourhood of BATTLE, RYE, and WINCHELSEA, were actually shipping off

families of labouring people to the United States, in order to protect themselves against the consequences of men with large families becoming paupers. The very thought of this, the bare idea, is a disgrace to the GOVERNMENT and the whole country; but, that the thing has *been done*, and is doing, is a fact that will hardly be believed by posterity, though it will be found recorded in the registers of these parishes. The labourers thus sent away, wrote, as they naturally would, *letters home to their fathers and mothers and brethren*. A gentleman, living in the neighbourhood of ROBERTSBRIDGE, about five or six miles from BATTLE, made a collection of part of these letters, and published them. He says that he sent round amongst the people, got together about *three score* of the letters; and the twenty-four letters which he published, were, he said, the first twenty-four he happened to collect. The object of the gentleman certainly was to induce others to emigrate. I have now found that he had a brother in America; and that he himself sailed for America this last spring.

This publication, which is by far the most interesting publication that I ever read in my life, and a copy of which was sent to me about two months ago, confirms, in the fullest extent, under the hands of these simple and virtuous people, writing from the spot, every thing that I have ever published, and more especially all the statements in my "*YEAR'S RESIDENCE*," relative to the happy state of farmers and labourers in America. Here are, coming from these unbiassed people, and edited in their homely style, the most interesting descriptions ever given in this world, of the habits, the manners, the easiness of living, the kind treatment of inferiors, the facility of rising in the world as the certain consequence of industry and frugality: without exception the most interesting descriptions and narratives, that ever were put upon paper in this world, or that ever came from human

lips. Descriptions, better given than I, or any book-writer on 'the face of the earth, would be able to give. But in a case so interesting, I was not willing to stop short of being able to answer on my own word as to the *authenticity* of the letters; and, therefore, I resolved if possible, to go and see the parties who had received these, as well as those who had received other letters. There is nothing like *seeing with your own eyes* and hearing with your own ears. Therefore, this RURAL RIDE was undertaken; and on Friday morning last, the 19th instant, I, accompanied by my Secretary (not knowing but there might be some copying of the letters to be performed) set off for the country inhabited by the relations of these happy emigrants, who had been very *circumstantial*, in the addresses, or directions, put upon the several letters, a specimen of which, I here insert: "To Mr. JAMES PARKS, to be left at Mr. BENJAMIN BOOTS'S, Wheelwright, STAPLE CROSS, in the parish of EWHURST, near NORTHAM, in the county of SUSSEX, OLD ENGLAND, GREAT BRITAIN." With such plain directions (which the reader will recollect I have so often and so urgently recommended to my correspondents), I could not fail of finding the parties.

In a light phaeton, drawn by one stout horse, I got to TONBRIDGE early in the afternoon, with the intention of getting to ROBERTSBRIDGE or to BATTLE, by nine o'clock or thereabouts on the Saturday morning; but here a singular, and, I hope, never to be repeated, instance of *backsliding* fell upon me; and instead of acting upon that "ADVICE" which I am giving to others, I did not get to bed till *past twelve o'clock at night*, instead of going to bed at eight, as I ought to have done, and as I intended to do. The case is this: I had not been long in the town before somebody that knew me, saw me. It happened curiously enough, and unfortunately for my early rising, that I had on that very light-coloured coat, and that same identical red face, which I had worn at the meeting at Maidstone in 1822, and at the more recent meeting on PENENDEN HEATH. The conse-

quence was, that I soon had a *little group of disciples* to visit me at the inn. There is such little group (and this is a fact which ought to be interesting to the Ministers and to the all-wise Collective) in every town of England, without one single exception; and I never have, for the last ten years, at any rate, slept in any town in any village, without having one or more persons come to me to desire to shake me by the hand. I was not more than half an hour in the village of SEDLES COMB (of which I shall have more to say by and by), before there were two men laying a bet upon the fact whether I was "Mr. CORBETT the great writer" or not. These disciples of Tonbridge, however, were of no ordinary description, except that they were *young*, as great numbers of my disciples are, for which I thank God. They were tradesmen, who, though participating, I dare say, to their full share, in all the inconveniences and sufferings which have been brought upon the whole country by the rejection of the measures which I have proposed, were brimfull of exultation in the fulfilment of the predictions of their political prophet. We talked and laughed, and then talked and laughed again, till I was pretty nearly hoarse, and until midnight compelled us to break off. I cannot think of these gentlemen and others like them: I cannot think of their cleverness, their clear-sightedness, their thorough understanding of all the causes of these troubles of the nation, without feeling indignant at the thought of our being compelled to pay enormous salaries to such men as GOULBURN and PEEL! We talked of GOULBURN'S declaration, that the disappearance of the *ones* would cause a *more plentiful* progeny of *fives*; we laughed at Peel's declaration relative to the *eight causes* of the distress; we laughed at CANNING'S nice calculation of the small relative quantity of one-pound notes, and of the *insignificant* inconvenience which must necessarily arise from the total suppression of them; and oh! how we laughed at the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S idea of *bringing the people back to their former habits*, and at the stripping the pretty gowns from the backs, and pulling the

papers out of the hair of the country girls! But to laugh and to talk require time, and I shall always remember, that these seducing disciples of TONBRIDGE, kept me out of my bed till past twelve o'clock at night, though I had been up at four o'clock in the morning.

Nevertheless (such is the habit of early rising) we were off, on the Saturday morning, by *six o'clock*; and after stopping about an hour at Lamberhurst, which is on the confines of SUSSEX, we arrived in the very pleasant hamlet of ROBERTSBRIDGE about eleven o'clock. I intended at first not to go any further that night, but to go on the *Sunday to Church* at SEDLESCOMB, and that for two reasons, one of which will be obvious enough to every churchman; for I make it a point to go to church, *in the country*, once on the Sunday at the least. Here, in and about the WEN, church-going always seems to me to be so much like playhouse work, that I cannot, for the life of me, reconcile myself to it. Besides mere religion, however, there was another motive for going to church at the village of SEDLESCOMB. A young woman, who went out with her parents to AMERICA, in the year 1823, in writing home to a grandfather and grandmother, has the following passage in one of her letters: "I have now got *good clothes, and I can dress as well as any lady in SEDLESCOMB*. I can enjoy a *silk frock, or a white frock, and my crape frock and my crape veil and morocco shoes, without a parish grumbling about it*. The girls here that go *out doing house-work, dress as well as any lady in SEDLESCOMB*; you cannot tell the poor from the rich here. One *is dressed as good as the other*. I *don't think of going to meeting with leather shoes on; we wear morocco and prunello*." Very soon, when I have had time to read and arrange, I shall publish the whole of this letter, which, notwithstanding this natural exultation at the possession of this finery, does the greatest of honour to the head as well as to the heart of the writer; and in this case, as well as every other, as we go through the perusal of these letters, and see the indubitable marks of the filial

piety, the sincerity, the good sense of the writers, we are filled with melancholy at the thought that such people should be driven from their country, and with indignation against those whose incapacity or something worse has been the cause of tearing for ever, such dutiful and affectionate children from their parents, to say nothing at present of the great injury and deep disgrace to the nation.

This passage in the letter of MARY JANE WATSON, who had been enabled to write by the goodness of a master and mistress in America, who put her to school, *while she was in their service*, as is the benevolent custom of that country, made me wish to see the ladies of SEDLESCOMB *with my own eyes*, as I had so often seen, the "girls who go out to do house-work in America": I wished to see whether they had "crape frocks and crape veils," and whether they wore shoes of "morocco and prunello;" I wished to see whether the young woman which they had sent out as a *pauper*, did not now surpass them in point of dress; being quite sure that not one of them surpassed her (though I do not say that every one of them does not equal her) in point of virtue and of good sense. I intended to write an account of what I saw, and send it to a friend in NEW YORK, signed with my own name, to be put into the newspapers there, that it might reach MARY JANE WATSON, who lives in the city of ALBANY. But when I reflected, that these were very religious people, and that they might not like to be withdrawn from their devotions on the Sunday, I determined to abandon my church-going project, and to see the parties, if I could, on Saturday in the afternoon. With this intention we set off about one o'clock; and, in the first place, went to the village of SEDLESCOMB, which ought to be immortalized by the letters written to that place by divers persons belonging to this family and others. The village, which lies at about two miles on the left-hand side of the turnpike-road going from ROBERTSBRIDGE to Battle, and about half way between those places, is a straggling, wide street,

bending round in a sort of semicircular form. The spot is very beautiful; the church ancient, and upon the top of a hill, amongst some high trees; the houses and little gardens generally very neat; the lands round about, like all the rest of that part of the country, an intermixture of wood-lands, grass-lands, corn-lands, and hop gardens, with an infinite variety of hill and dale. Our first point was the *public-house*, to feed the horse, refresh ourselves, and make inquiry. And here we found the benefit of the plain direction to "Mr. STEPHEN WATSON, FOOTLAND, SEDLES COMB, near BATTLE, SUSSEX, OLD ENGLAND." The landlord did not know any thing about the parties, not having lived long in the village; but there was a labouring man in the house, who had in his arms one of his *eleven* children, who knew every thing about the whole of them, and who undertook to be our guide to the principal part. We went to them, talked with them, and with the exception of four, two of whom we had seen or were to see at Robertsbridge, one who had recently set off to America, and another who had removed to HASTINGS, we found them all, and they gave us the original letters, with several others, which they had received since the publication of the twenty-four. STEPHEN WATSON, after having lived in the service of one master and on one spot, for *seven and twenty years*, had quitted that master, and was living at a place some little distance from FOOTLAND. We found him at home with his wife, two daughters, and one daughter-in-law. This man and wife, let it be remembered, were the grandfather and grandmother of MARY JANE WATSON, now at ALBANY. And I thought it due to that little lady (who, from a state of pauperism in England, was got to wear crape frocks and prunello shoes in AMERICA) to join her grandfather and grandmother in drinking her health in something a little better than water, for which purpose we took with us a couple of bottles of most excellent bottled ale. To describe the satisfaction, the heartfelt satisfaction, which these good people evinced at seeing a man, who had been

in the country where their children and grandchildren were; to describe their expressions of gratitude to God, at seeing a man who assured them that their children had told them no more than the truth, and who was able to assure them, that those beloved children *would never know want*; to give an adequate description of these is wholly out of my power. It was Saturday, drawing towards evening: WATSON, a man still *one year younger than I am*, though with eight or ten children, and thirty or forty grandchildren, had come home from his work; and there he was, a man who had worked seven and twenty years for one master, and had been for a great part of the time, and still was, the principal seedsman on the farm, finding no fault with that master, other than it was become *too hard*, and that he could get *too little victuals*! It is not my purpose at present to offer those reflections, which it will hereafter be proper to offer to my readers upon this subject; but I cannot even here refrain from observing, that whatever BURDETT may think of the matter, camps and barracks are not so fit a "school for a statesman" as one of these cottages.

I was particularly desirous to see "THOMAS COOKE, of Cripscorner," who had got a letter from his daughter and son-in-law, dated at the CITY OF HUDSON, on the 6th July, 1828. HUDSON lies on the north, or HUDSON RIVER, at a hundred and thirty miles distance from the city of New York, and contains a population of between 5 and 6,000 people. This letter is written apparently by the daughter, ELIZABETH THORPE, whose husband's name is JOHN. A passage from this letter would make every Englishman blush, if he did not know that these Americans sprang from English people, and if he did not also know, that English people would be equally generous, if the Government had left them the means. After describing the kind treatment they met with on their landing at New York, and the cause of their going to HUDSON, and after telling her parents how readily her husband and a whole parcel of boys had good employment, and were living well, Mrs. THORPE

proceeds thus: "We live close by a large river, so—I can look out of my sash-window right into the river; a very fruitful place for apples, cherries, raspberries, grapes, plumbs; *any one may get them without money.* Dear mother, I fear you will be troubled to read that side, it is put so thick, for my paper is not half big enough to say all that I want to say to you; but this I can say, we want for nothing, bless God for it; for we can buy a leg of mutton every day, and green pease, and french-beans; and we have got in thirty-two gallons of cider for fourteen shillings [8s. 9d. English money]. I wish you was all here to help drink it. Tell my dear sister, if she was here, she might earn eight or ten shillings a day [5s. or 6s. 3d. English money], for they charge so much for work. I was forced to give 12s. [7s. 6d. English] for a cambric bonnet for Harriet. And now I must tell you what friends we met with when we landed at HUDSON. We had so much meat brought us, that we could not eat it while it was good; a whole quarter of a calf at once; so that we had two or three quarters in a little time, and seven stone of beef. One old gentleman come and brought us a wagon load of wood and two cheeks of bacon; some brought us flour, some bread, some cheese, some soap, some candles, some chairs, some bedsteads. One class-leader sent three shillings for tin ware and other things. We are in a land of plenty; and *above all*, we can hear the sound of the Gospel. I only wish I had come here before; give my love to ELIZABETH, and *if she wants fine clothes* she is to come here: it would be the making of her."

Now, if any one should be inclined to laugh at this latter sentence, when found in the same letter with the expressions respecting the Gospel, let him point out, if he can, any woman upon the face of the earth free from vanity of this sort. I found THOMAS-COOKE with an ailing wife, afflicted with what she regards as a dropsy, but which I hope is not that disorder. COOKE, himself, was out at work in an adjoining field; and

he came in to us on his crutches! A very cheerful man, however, and both of them made happy by an assurance, that their children and grand-children would *never want bread.* They could hardly believe, that the letters did not exaggerate, though they had full confidence in the veracity of the writers. The statement respecting the kindness of the people to them was something so out-of-the-way it was something so different from all that they themselves had ever seen, or ever heard of before, that it was *too much to believe*, without ample corroboration, from some one who had seen the like with his own eyes. So that, when I told these good people, that I had been in that same country many years of my life; that I had crossed the sea six times from and to England and America; that I was at New York only nine years ago; that I knew all the contents of the letters to be true; that I myself had written and published a book, in which I had said that a common labourer could always earn a dollar a day, while meat and bread were at half the price they are at here: when I told them all this; when they had these assurances of the well-being of their children and grand-children, they were delighted beyond all description. They gladly gave me the original letters, with full authority to make what use of them I pleased; and I, on my part, promised them, that when I had carefully read all the letters, and had copied them, and showed them to some gentlemen in London, and had, perhaps, published them, I would return them, accompanied with a book (MORSE'S GAZETTEER of the United States), that would tell them the situation, population, and so forth, of every county and town in the whole of that country.

I shall put the greater part of these letters into the "EMIGRANT'S GUIDE" (which will now take me three weeks to finish and have published), making no change but in the spelling of some of the words, and adding points, in order to save trouble to the reader. THOMAS COOKE gave me a letter, which he got from his daughter and son-in-law but a few weeks ago, giving him an account of the death of one of their sons by drown-

ing; and of this letter I will insert a small part, *letter for letter*. "It happened in this wise it is very much the fashion in this part to learn to swim and by trying this poor dear creature he lost his life i cannot tell you the day of the month when it happend for my trouble was so great that i could not call to mind but it was not far in August dear parents we did not want for frinds though in a strange land they buryd him very hansomly and it never cost us a penny and now i must tell you how we are geting on in this world we are in the same place were we was (Hudson) and we are geting on very comfortly we have plenty to eat we never have to look far for food and we have got plenty for our use we have layd out above 100 dollers (22l. 10s. sterling) for housel (household goods) we have not got much stock but we have got a sow will soon farow (have young ones) and we think of buying a cow or too we have had a very cold winter the ground was covered with snow for three monts and we have some still but i have not felt the cold so much as i did in that old house at mountfeld for we have got a good warm house and can keep a good fire."

Now, my readers, pray look at this. This man (with a wife and six children) gets to New York, a pauper, without a farthing in the world, on the 19th of May, 1828, and in March, 1829, he has laid out 22l. 10s. English money, in "housel," he has a sow ready to farrow, and he is about to purchase a cow or two! Look at my YEAR'S RESIDENCE, and say whether I have not under stated the various happy circumstances attending the labourer's life in the United States. But, can you read the account of the *burying* of the son of this poor Englishman, without comparing the conduct of the Americans with that of those barbarous monsters, who would *sell the dead bodies* of the unfortunate English labourers to be *hacked to pieces*? Can you read this account without being filled with fresh indignation against these monsters? Can you read this account without remembering the *impious ridicule*,

which HOBHOUSE, when backed by his base gratis-feeders at the Crown and Anchor, attempted to throw on those who were endeavouring to prevent the consummation of this nefarious design against humanity itself? Ever praised and blessed be the Americans! Having first bravely resisted oppression, they provided a place of refuge for the oppressed of other nations, they established a government that bids tyranny blush, and they give to the rich of the whole world a specimen of what Christianity demands of them towards the poor!

I cannot quit this subject, even for the present, without observing upon the conduct of those who ought to be the friends and protectors of the labouring people, They seem to look on them not as *men and women*, but merely as animals made for their service or their sport. Our ears are everlastingly dinned with the charges of *immoralities* committed by the poor. I have known *twenty* different projects for correcting the "*evil of pauperism*," but never of one project for making the lot of the labourer better than it is. Look at the *letters* of these English labourers; go and look at the people themselves; and then remember the project of that insolent Irishman who said that, rather than *indulge them in idleness*, he would make them "*dig holes one day, and fill them up the next!*" There must be a day of *justice*: this ill-treatment of millions of good people never can pass off without producing some signal event. Every coxcomb Scotchman, and, indeed, almost every Irish political prattler, has his impudent jaws full of talk about the management of the English *peasantry*. "*Peasantry*" back down the throats of the brazen blackguards! let them go home, and see if they can find there people to equal these "*paupers*" shipped off from Sussex to America: people so neat in their houses and gardens, labourers so skilful and so constant at their work, people so moral, and, in all respects, so good. And these are the people that the base, and degenerate, and cowardly English land-owners abandon to be scourged by hired overseers! They seem to regard the work-

ing classes as their *natural enemies*, though without them their estates are of no value; and their whole time seems to be spent in devising schemes for taking from the labouring man as much as possible of his means of existence. God is just, and *God will punish this*.

It will be an act of kindness, and, indeed, of nothing more than bare justice, to let the emigrants see this Register, and also the *EMIGRANT'S GUIDE*, when it shall be published. And, with this view of the matter, I beg Mr. GEORGE WOODWARD, of New York, to take care that one copy of this Register reach Mr. STEPHEN WATSON, No. 535, South Market Street, ALBANY. He may have changed his residence, but it will not be difficult to find him, or some one of so numerous a family. However, the *Emigrant's Guide* will name all the parties that I know of now in America; and I will take care that that work shall be sent to New York, if not *re-published* there.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

WITH the exception of the valley on the south side of the Chalk-ridge, on this side of SEVENOAKS, the country from London to Battle is not what we call a *corn country*. It is, for about seventeen miles, but poorish land, chiefly in grass; and after you pass SEVENOAKS, it is, in general, a soil approaching towards a *clay*; about one-third of it wood-land, another third grass-land, and the other third corn-land, with here and there a hop garden, in some choice and well-sheltered spot. The crop of grass is, except in the wet meadows at Tonbridge and Robertsbridge, very short and very thin upon the ground. The haymaking, all beyond Bromley, has just begun. There are few *peas* on this road, and those, in general, very bad; very short, particularly the white pease. The *beans* generally very short, and covered with vermin, but better than I expected to find them, for I saw several fields that will yield not a very bad crop. Beans do not like *drought*, and they hate *great heat*. Our weather has not been *hot*, but it has been *dry*. The *oats* do not, in general, look well, but I have

seen them look a great deal worse. The *barley* looks a great deal better than I expected, considering the late sowing (owing to the wet in April), and the dry weather since the sowing. If we were now to have a general rain for three or four days, there would not be a bad crop of oats and barley. There is *no rye* in this district; the land is wholly unfit for it. The *wheat*, generally speaking, promises to be a *fine crop*. It is high enough, and the ears are pushing out bolt upright. It wants no rain at all. There *needs* to be a smart parcel of wheat, for *the farmers have none on hand!* In the whole of the journey, from BARN-ELM to SEDDLESCOMB, I saw but TWO wheat-ricks, one of which was at the southern foot of the Chalk-ridge, on this side of Sevenoaks, and the other at WOODGATE, an estate now owned, or occupied, by one ALEXANDER, an Irishman, and one of the Members for OLD SARUM! So that there is *no stock of wheat* in the country; and this is the real sign of *national poverty*, whatever the Jews and loan-mongers may say about the *price of the funds*, and whatever great staring fools, who call themselves country gentlemen, may say or think about the "*immense capital of the country*." Mr. HUNT (a better judge of these things than the whole of the Collective put together) has lately been in WILTSHIRE, and he, though he went by one road and came back by another, saw, in his whole journey of about 150 miles, but five *wheat-ricks*, a smaller number, I dare say, than he, or than his father before him, ever had, in the month of June, upon *their farm alone*. This absence of stock is, certainly, to be ascribed *partly* to the late bad harvest and short crop; but only *partly*; for it used to be the custom for *all* substantial farmers to keep a part of their last year's wheat until the new wheat came in. No matter what the amount of the crop might be, a *part* of it was always kept over year; a part of the farmer's property *always* consisted of wheat, or of corn of some sort, in *rick*. I saw no *barley* or *oat rick*, and but *four ricks of beans*.

There is corn in the hands of the *corn*



dealers to some extent, I dare say; but, it ought to be in the hands of farmers: they are the proper persons to keep the store: the store ought to be upon the land itself; and then it is brought to market at the proper time. Nothing is so sure a sign of national poverty as the absence of stock from the farmers' yard. The corn-stacks are the farmers' strong-box, the landlord's security, and the nation's evidence of wealth. If the corn be in warehouse, it is gone from the landlord and the farmer, and is, perhaps, a pledge for loan or debt; and, at the very least, it is gone to carry its profits to those who gain by monopoly; it is gone to give part of its value to the trafficker; it is gone to be augmented in price before it reaches the mouths of the consumers. It has pleased God to ordain that seasons shall be precarious; that there shall be abundant crops and scanty crops; and, if this were not the case, man would be an improvident animal, and would lead a life of listless security. But of what use are the care and foresight and vigilance and providentness of the farmer, if he be to keep no store; if he be to sell all as soon as housed? His store is the security against famine: his stacks or riches are the nation's granary: and, if it have not these, it is poor indeed.

The farmer wants part of his last year's crop to pay for getting in his new crop, and to make him easy and punctual about his rent. It was formerly the general practice for farmers to pay their rent at Michaelmas; and this could not be done out of the new crop. Now they put off the payment until Christmas; for they have no old crop to pay with. It is well known that corn is the better for lying in the rick for a considerable time. The new practice renders this impossible: generally speaking, a large part must be sold before Christmas: hence machines for thrashing; and hence, at any rate, a want of this sort of labour in the dead of the winter, which is, on all accounts, the proper time for performing it.

But, how is the farmer, pressed incessantly with taxes and with rates, to keep his old crop for the purposes just mentioned? He cannot do it: he is too

poor to keep a store: he is compelled to empty his strong box the moment it is filled: the tax receivers demand the contents from him: he has no power of refusal: and he is no longer the nation's granary keeper. This work has been going gradually on for forty years; but with constantly accelerating pace; and, if this system were to continue for a few years, we should never again behold that real glory of England, a store of old corn ricks, capable of bidding defiance to famine. Old corn ricks are the farmer's pride; they are the indubitable proofs of his wealth; they save him from the reproach to which boasting would justly expose him; they boast for him and for all his family: many a good match have farmers' sons and daughters obtained by the impressive, though silent, eloquence of corn ricks. Next to large timber trees, corn ricks are the surest sign of the solid means of the owner: and, next to those, they are too, after the earth itself, the safest depositories of money. All these things every farmer knows; and, therefore, when a farmer leaves himself without old corn, it is from sheer necessity: it is from that same cause which leaves other men without stores: it is from a want of the means of keeping such stores. For many years last past, the old corn that has been held by the farmers, has been so held by the means of loans of paper-money. The ricks were, in fact, pawned to the rag-rooks: but, if the present game go on, there will be no pawn-brokers for the farmers to go to: the crops must all be sold as soon as housed: and there can be no provision against untoward seasons.

PECUNIARY STATE OF THE AGRICULTURAL PART OF THE COUNTRY.

AT SEVENOAKS I found "THE BANK," which stands in "BANK PLACE," withdrawn, except in as far as related to mere settlement of accounts. It issued no longer; and this wise and honest course will, in a short time, be pursued all over the country. Why should any man keep such a shop now? I ask why; and I defy any man, any "financier," even the great GOULBURN himself,

who has six thousand pounds a-year salary, and who told the COLLECTIVE, that the bankers would be "*more liberal*" in issuing *fives* when the *ones* were gone; I defy this "Right Honourable" man himself to produce any *reason*, to state any *motive*, for any man's keeping a shop called a bank, in any part of the country. For *awhile*, indeed, there may be this reason: Farmer Stump owes a rook a hundred pounds on his bill; if the rook refuse to *renew*, Stump is done up, and the rook comes in for *poundage*. Better lend Stump the sum a little longer, to give him time to sell his new crop, and take up his bill. If Stump be pressed by another for twenty pounds, better discount him another bill to save him till the crop come to market. But, unless for a purpose like this, there can be no sense in keeping the shop open. The rook, whether he *lend* or *pay*, does it in *sovereigns*. It is useless for him to lend or pay in *fives*, for they will and must almost directly *come back to the rook for gold*; or they will and must go away *by mail* to demand gold from his agent in London. So that for every *five* that he has out, he must have *five sovereigns in the shop*, or at his *agent's in London*. What *reason* is there, then, for the rook's keeping the shop, paying clerks, and paying shop-rent?

There are two schemes that the rooks are trying: one is, to issue and re-issue the *one* rags of *each other*; and this, as long as it will last, may just keep the shop open. It is a *clear violation of the law*; and that if they do not quickly desist, I will soon *prove*. However, this, even if let alone, cannot go on long, though it does for the present *break the fall*. The other scheme is to *exchange fives with each other*. For instance, a rook at one town *sends a thousand of his fives to a rook of a town twenty miles off*, and receives a thousand of the other rook's fives in exchange. So that when rook A has a bill to discount at Gull-town, he gives the amount in the fives of rook B, whose shop is at the borough of Rot. But will not those who take these fives, send them away quickly to the borough for gold? They cannot

be out above a day or two. This is too pitiful a scheme to be worthy of notice; but they are *trying it*, which shows that, after all, *sharpers can be fools*.

I have recently shown how great have been the fallings-off in all trades in *London*. With the exception of those who deal in *flour, bread, and meat*, the falling-off has, in the space of a year, been *one-half*. In the country it has been nearly the same. The grocers, drapers, and those of all other trades, in the market-towns and in the villages, have already undergone a diminution of sales to the amount of *one-third* at the least. I assert upon the best authority, that *already* before the *ones* are much more than *half in*, the state of the farmers and traders in the country is *much worse than it was in 1822*; and I well know, that the measure has not yet produced *one-half of its inevitable effects*. The public-houses are almost abandoned; houses that had, only a few months ago, a *dozen or twenty* farmers and others to *dine on a market-day*, have not now, in some cases, a *single man*. And this, too, in spite of Peel and Goulburn's nice calculations about the *small amount of the one-pound notes*, and about their *insignificance* as to prices! Fresh butter at Tonbridge is already *ten-pence a pound*, notwithstanding the dry season and short crop of grass. At CROYDON market, last week, it was *ten-pence*; and in the Weald of Kent it is *eight-pence*. When I was a boy it was *four-pence*; and if this measure be pushed on to the *full extent*, I shall see it *four-pence again*! ALL the country-paper must go! Without *ones* there can be *none of it*; and when that is gone, the *London fives will go*. As the country-ones were the *legs* of the country-fives, so the country notes of all sorts are the *legs of Sow's fives*; and when these are gone, fresh butter will be *four-pence a pound*. PITT put out, for the first time, *Sow-fives* in 1793, late in the year; and, early in 1797 (three years and a few months), he was *obliged to put out ones all over the country*. That is enough for anybody but stark fools.

The farmers are at their wit's end: the banker is at them to pay up their

balances; the steward is at them to pay up their *rent*; the parson is at them for their *tithes*; the tradesmen are at them for their *bills*: they are, to use their own favorite figure, like a *toad under a harrow*, held fast by a *tire*, and getting a knock from every clod. But, which is a great blessing, they, *this time*, understand the *cause* of their tribulation. They see the *ones* disappearing, and they see their ruin keep an *exact pace* with the disappearance. They are not to be bewildered *this time*. At all times heretofore, the cause was, in some sort, hidden from them. "*Sudden transition from war to peace*" by Castlereagh; "*revulsion of trade*" by Wilberforce; "*importation of corn*" by Webb Hall, and Co.; "*over-production*" by stern-path man; "*over-trading*" by Tooke, Huskisson, and Company; "*hot and cold fits*" by Dr. Baring. These succeeded in puzzling their noddles; but now *cause* and *effect* come so close together; the disappearance of the *ones* is so immediately followed by *low price* and *want of money*, that they must see the cause in spite of their anxious desire that it should "*take any shape but that*," They now not only feel the pangs of the present, but have a "*fearful looking forward to that which is to come*." No Caitiff under sentence of transportation or death, whether bound to the land of convicts, or to the infernal regions, ever felt greater horrors than the farmers now feel. For those of them who have had the virtue to execrate the system I have no need to entertain pity, for they have taken care of themselves; they have believed in me, and they are safe. For the simpletons, who have not thought about the matter, or who have been incapable of thinking upon such a subject, feel a great deal of compassion; I lament the unhappiness of them and their families, and I would, if I could, punish those who have been the cause of it: but for the nasty, conceited, bloated coxcombs, who have considered their labourers as an inferior species of beings, and who have had the baseness, or stupidity, or both, to rail against jacobins and levellers; for these wretches, so far am I from feeling compassion, that I

rejoice most sincerely at their ruin; they are as bad a race of men as ever existed in the world, and down they will now come to the very earth; they will not be left with the means of purchasing them a shroud.

I never had, that I recollect, a more pleasant journey, or ride, than this into Sussex. The weather was pleasant, the elder-trees in full bloom, and they make a fine show; the woods just in their greatest beauty; the grass-fields generally uncut; and the little gardens of the labourers full of flowers; the roses and honeysuckles perfuming the air at every cottage-door. Throughout all England these cottages and gardens are the most interesting objects that the country presents, and they are particularly so in KENT and SUSSEX. This part of these counties have the great blessing of numerous *woods*: these furnish fuel, nice sweet fuel, for the heating of ovens, and for all other purposes: they afford materials for the making of pretty pig-styes, hurdles, and dead fences of various sorts; they afford materials for making little cow-sheds; for the sticking of pease and beans in the gardens; and for giving to every thing a neat and substantial appearance. These gardens, and the look of the cottages, the little flower-gardens, which you every where see, and the beautiful hedges of thorn and of privet; these are objects to delight the eyes, to gladden the heart, and to fill it with gratitude to God, and with love for the people; and, as far as my observation has gone, they are objects to be seen in no other country in the world; and if these Sussex emigrants could but prevail upon the labouring people in AMERICA to bestow a little time in imitating the English in this respect, they would repay tenfold all the benefits they receive. The cattle in Sussex are of a pale red colour, and very fine. I used to think that the Devonshire were the handsomest cows and oxen, but I have changed my mind; those of Sussex, of which I never took so much notice before, are handsomer as well as larger; and the oxen are almost universally used as working cattle; worked in yokes, and not in collars, as I

work mine at Barn-Elm, though yokes are best.

Throughout this country I did not observe, in my late ride, one single instance of want of neatness about a poor man's house. It is the same with regard to the middle ranks: all is neat and beautiful, and particularly the hedges, of which I saw the handsomest white thorn hedge at SEDDLESCOMB, that I ever saw in my life. It formed the inclosure of a garden in front of a pretty good house. It was about five feet high, about fifteen inches through; it came close to the ground, and it was sloped a little towards the top on each side, leaving a flat about four inches wide on the top of all. It had just been clipped; and it was as perpendicular and as smooth as a wall: I put my eye and looked along the sides of the several lines near the top, and if it had been built of stone, it could not have been truer. I lament that I did not ask the name of the owner, for it does him infinite credit. Those who see nothing but the nasty slovenly places in which labourers live, round London, know nothing of England; and those who read newspapers, where they find nothing but abuse or contempt with regard to the labourers of England, cannot have the smallest idea of their merits, and cannot participate in that just indignation which I feel towards those who have been the cause of driving such people from their country. The fruit-trees are all kept in the nicest order: every bit of paling or wall is made use of, for the training of some sort or other. At *Lamberhurst*, which is one of the most beautiful villages that man ever sat his eyes on, I saw what I never saw before; namely, a *gooseberry tree trained against a house*. The house was one of those ancient buildings, consisting of a frame of oak wood, the interval filled up with brick, plastered over. The tree had been planted at the foot of one of the perpendicular pieces of wood: from the stem which, mounted up this piece of wood, were taken side limbs to run along the horizontal pieces. There were two windows, round the frame of each of which the limbs had been trained. The height of the highest shoot was about ten

feet from the ground, and the horizontal shoots on each side were from eight to ten feet in length. The tree had been judiciously pruned, and all the limbs were full of very large gooseberries, considering the age of the fruit. This is only one instance out of thousands that I saw of extraordinary pains taken with the gardens.

Hops form an article of considerable importance throughout this country, after you get to Sevenoaks. They do not upon the whole *look well* by any means: in some places they are a great deal too backward, and the cold weather for some time past has had its usual effect in covering them with vermin; but if we have now *some heat and wet*, the greater part of them will recover. At FARNHAM, where I was bred, the hop gardens have a magnificent appearance, compared to what they have here. The poles are half as long and half as big again. In KENT and SUSSEX, they cultivate the hop lands with the *plough*, or with some implement drawn by horses or oxen. And, though the weather has been so favourable for making clean land, I saw several hop gardens green with weeds, and those weeds in flower preparing to drop their seed. Just opposite one of these weedy grounds, there sat on the turnpike road some very fine young men, *cracking stones*, to make smooth roads for the tax eaters to ride on! Ten registers would not contain the matter that might be written on this subject: the roads are like gravel walks in a garden, not because the main body of the people are *rich*, but because they are poor; not because the farmers and the landowners have "*surplus capital mon*" to bestow on the roads; but because they have not the means of paying for a sufficient quantity of labour to be performed upon the land; and this is the cause of the absence of ricks of old corn, and the cause too, why the young men are employed in cracking stones instead of keeping clean the hop gardens. I have heard of a magistrate in KENT, who has lately said, that, if the government persevere with their small nose measure, *England will be the poorest country in the world*. Good Squire,

paper-money is *not* wealth, whatever MABERLY may say to the contrary. Gold, corn stacks, and other things of intrinsic value, constitute wealth; and you should have said, that if the government persevere in tearing away from the people *sixty millions of taxes in a year*, to be, in great part, wasted by idlers at home, and, in other great part, to be carried and spent abroad, England will be the poorest country in the world; and so it will be; and if the king of hell had come upon earth, having first taken counsel with his subaltern devils, and had set to work to make a great country little, a happy country miserable, and an honest country roguish, I defy him to have invented a system equal to that which is now at work.

COLLECTIVE.

UPON looking into the Newspaper of this morning (23d June), I was almost frightened out of my senses at perceiving that the two branches of the Collective appeared to be assuming a sort of hostile attitude towards each other! It seems that the upper branch had added two words, namely, "*to include*," or, rather, *one word*, it being a verb in the infinitive mood, and the little particle "*to*" forming, in this case, part of the verb. HERRIES, who appears to have been the great actor upon this occasion, said that the word was a "*mere surplusage*;" but the jealous lower Collective, our watchful Representatives, so jealous of our rights, would not suffer this to pass; and, oh God! to receive the *Royal Assent* without the previous concurrence of the *People's Representatives*! A "*Committee of Managers*" were appointed; the Lords' Journals were inspected: it was discovered that Mr. HARRISON had, by mistake, put the Bill in a wrong place. The Lords explained *satisfactorily* to the Commons of the "*Imperial British Empire*:" all became friendly and harmonious. But a Bill was brought in immediately, passed the three readings the same evening, in order to prevent the like being drawn into a precedent! Thus all was well: our inestimable privileges were preserved, and our liberties placed beyond all danger from

any encroachment that ever might be attempted by the Peers!

After this, affair was over several little interesting things occurred. Mr. DAVENPORT gave notice that he should, early in the NEXT SESSION, make a motion relative to *high taxes collected in money of high value*. A petition from the labourers of *flour-mills*, in ESSEX, complaining of want of employment, was supported by Mr. WESTERN, who said, that he knew four capital mills, the rental of which used to be four thousand pounds a year, now totally unemployed to the great injury of the owners and the millers; and that the main cause, was *the undue importation of foreign flour*; but that *he could not satisfactorily account for such a depreciation in the trade*. I was going to exclaim, "*if you cannot, I can*;" but my eye having run into the speech of Mr. HUME, I found him saying the same thing; and I hate plagiarism. "*If he can't, I can*," said Mr. HUME, and on he went asserting that the *distress arose from the Corn Bill*. "Let Mr. Western join me in getting "*cheap bread for the people*, and his "*constituents will regain their 4000l. a year*, and the people of England "*will be fed*." Next came somebody giving notice for *next session* about the Law Courts. After that came a motion of Mr. HUME, about the *non-residence of the clergy*. Mr. Ottway Cave moved for a return of the income of the corporation of Leicester, and the manner in which it was expended, and, if he should get such return, he will find, I dare say, that it is expended in much about the same way as the income of the London Corporation. Mr. HARVEY gave notice of an important motion relative to that nice little concern called the *crown lands*; and he mentioned an instance of a piece of this property being let for *three thousand pounds a year* while it was worth *fifteen*. Now, though from the diligence and talents of Mr. HARVEY, we may expect a pretty decent exposure, and may be furnished with a good argument for granting this part of the prayer of the NORFOLK PETITION, Mr. HARVEY may be well assured, that he will effect nothing, until there shall

be a reform in the Commons' House of Parliament; and he may also take from me this assurance, that that reform will never take place as long as there shall be a five-pound note in existence and circulating about this country. The same assurance, with sentiments of respect as great as I can possibly entertain towards any one that I do not personally know, I beg leave to tender to the MARQUIS of BLANDFORD, whose conduct I applaud, whose motives I am sure are good, who has talent quite equal to the task he has undertaken, great as that task is; whose exertions will do great and unmixed good in preparing men's minds for that which is to come, but who will never see a reform of that House as long as there is a circulation of five-pound notes. MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, who lived and died in endeavours to obtain reform, remonstrated with me, in the year 1816, for *wasting* my time and talents in writing so much *about the paper-money*, when they ought to be employed exclusively in the cause of reform, without which, he said, the nation never could be free and great again. "I know it," said I, "but never will you see reform while this paper-money, by its various tricks and windings, deludes the people, and hides from them the *true cause* of their suffering, and the original source of that cause." I have always said the same thing; I say it still, and my words will be made good by events. This blow of the one-pound notes is a famous blow. It prepares the way well for our exertions in the cause of reform. The following article from that excellent paper the LEEDS PATRIOT, which every one should take who wishes to know the real situation of things in the North, contains a neat little hint upon the subject of the conduct of the Parliament:—"Trade and manufactures, (says one of our correspondents), are still in a state of extreme depression in Dewsbury, Heckmondwike, Mil-bridge, Littleton, Hightown, Robert-town, Huddersfield, Elland, and Halifax, through all of which places I have just passed. People are every where crying shame upon Parliament

for breaking up without attempting to alleviate the public distress, or to diminish the public burthens."—Oh fie! what cry "*shame*" on the Parliament! On PROSPERITY ROBINSON's good Parliament! Oh fie! ye Yorkshire-bites! If you abuse us in the South at this rate, we will send you neither corn nor meat: you shall not have even oats to make your porridge with. And you "Mr. PATRIOT," pray keep your patriotism to yourself, for we will not have our "Collective" abused; that's flat! "*Public distress*, indeed! Why, have you not heard that you are to be brought down to your "*former habits*?" To say the truth, however, this is the general cry in KENT and SUSSEX, the farmers exclaiming, "*what the devil! be-they going away without doen nothen vor us?*" I, not liking to contradict my good friends, and thwart their feelings, and yet not liking, by any means, to utter a word, having a tendency to bring the Collective into contempt, brought my *scholarship* into play, and, taking advantage of the *double negative*, answered with an assenting sigh. Mr. HUNT, who was tickling trout in Wiltshire, while he was wanted by the Lords to tickle the devouring sharks of London, tells me, that the farmers there (and they are swinging farmers) exclaimed in much about the same words as those of KENT and SUSSEX, only with louder voices and more bitterness, accompanied by a little grinding of the teeth. He expressed a hope, that they were not become *jacobins*, such as they used to call him; he exhorted them to restrain their tongues, at least in *his presence*, for that he could not bear to hear the Collective spoken of in such terms. It is unquestionably true, that the mind of the whole country, the tax eaters excepted, is fast coming round to the cause of reform. Misery is a great teacher; and of the services of this teacher the tax payers of England have now the benefit. What is the cause of the misery? The heavy taxes, the unbearable taxes. What are the causes of the taxes? The Debt, the army, the dead-weight, the places, pensions, sinecures, and grants. What make all these? Acts and votes. Who

passed the Acts and the votes! The House of Commons. *Who sent the men to the House of Commons?* That question I leave the tax-payers to answer. This is the reasoning of the whole country. This reasoning will press upon the mind of every man that has taxes to pay; and if the present course be pursued, the MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD will find the whole country at his back in a very few months. In the mean while you every where hear, and you hear in the House of Commons itself, expressions which convince you that the *Church, Crown lands, the Corporation property, and several other things, cannot long remain untouched; to say nothing of the interest of the Debt.* To deal with these things, nothing can be adequate but a reformed Parliament; and that reform will now, no thanks to anybody, *force itself upon the country.*

TURTLE-EATERS.

THERE WAS some one, some conceited jackass of a Common Councilman, who, travelling in France, put down his name in the police books as "*Member of the City of London Parliament.*" This Parliament has now come in contact with 'tother Parliament, and when "*they fall out*" the natural consequence follows. The following letter of Mr. Hunt to the Liverymen of London, will give some account of this affair; and when I have inserted it, I shall add a few remarks of my own.

Stamford-street, June 17th, 1829.

GENTLEMEN,

When you elected me one of the Auditors of the City accounts, two years ago, I thought I should be able to discover and to expose some of the nefarious jobbing transactions; some of the wanton and profligate waste of your public property; as well as some gross instances of the misapplication of the City funds; but I honestly confess to you that I did not anticipate that we should see so much effected in so short a time as has been accomplished this day, with the assistance and through the instrumentality of the Lords' Committee, appointed to inquire into the nature and bearing of the Act passed by the House of Commons to continue the City tax upon coals, in aid of the expenses for making the approaches to the new London Bridge.

It appears that our worthy City legislators, who brought the Act into Parliament for building a new Bridge, having contrived, with the assistance of that august body, the Bridge Committee, to spend almost double the amount of money that was estimated in building the Bridge, now that it is nearly completed, have, with astonishing sagacity, discovered, that they had forgotten the expense of making the approaches thereto: they have found out that they have built a magnificent Bridge, about twenty feet higher than there was any necessity for; that there are no roads for the public to pass to and from the Bridge, unless they can contrive to climb over the houses that intercept the way, or unless they pull down the said houses, and build arches and other elevations to raise the road up, so as to get upon the Bridge. Now, as they cannot accomplish the former plan, of climbing over the said houses, they have resorted to the latter, and wisely determined to pull them down, and drive over the ruins. But the said very sagacious gentlemen have found out that their plan will require more than double the money that they first thought it would. Therefore, application has been made to Parliament to grant them the amount required out of the public purse; they, the worthy Corporation, proposing to the Government to continue the tax upon coals of 6d. and 4d. per chaldron, and the revenue of the Bridge House Estates, for forty years, as their share towards the expenses, the Government to supply the remainder. To this proposition the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Durham, two great coal proprietors, demur, and to which proposition I also demurred, and I sent a petition accordingly to the Lords, praying them not to continue the tax upon coals, nor to advance the Corporation any of the public money, but to make them pay the expenses out of their own enormous estates. A Committee of the Lords was appointed, and the Corporation were called upon to produce their accounts. This the gallant Common Council refused, and they boldly came to a resolution that if they were to do so, they should be abandoning the chartered rights of the citizens; but Lord Londonderry was not to be put off in this way, and soon caused these our City heroes to alter their tone.

The accounts (*such as they are*) were produced, and, without proceeding to any very great extremities, the brave Common Council although with *closed doors*, quietly rescind their former resolution, and as quietly, "*abandon the chartered rights of their fellow-citizens.*" An investigation takes place, and the said accounts, and the said Corporation, and Committees of Common Councilmen, are overhauled with very little ceremony. Myself and brother Auditors are summoned to attend the Committee. I was in the country, and all went on very smoothly. Lords Londonderry and Durham demanded more accounts, and more accounts were produced again and again; and at length to such a pitch of tame and das-

tardly subserviency had these fellows arrived, that I sincerely believe, had Lord Londonderry ordered them to produce their wives' and daughters' accounts, that there is not one amongst them would have had the courage to resist or refuse the production of them.

I arrived in London on Saturday evening, and found that numerous inquiries had been made for me by messengers from the House of Lords, and that orders for my attendance before the Committee had been repeatedly left at my house. I attended on Monday morning, and sent in a note to Lord Durham, who had presented my petition, and I at once satisfied him and the Marquis of Londonderry, that the evidence I could give would be of the very highest importance, and such as would cause the Bill to be thrown out of the House of Lords altogether. I distinctly stated to them that I would lay before the Committee such a scene of delinquency, such a mass of jobbing, such unquestionable proof of the most wanton, wicked, and profligate waste of the City money, such deception, fraud, plunder, and robbery, committed by various members of the worthy Corporation upon their defenceless fellow-citizens, as would not only astonish their Lordships, but the whole world. I communicated some of the infamous transactions that I should prove. Up to this time the City Gentry appeared very flippant, and very confident that they should carry their intended measures ultimately, notwithstanding a little exposure, as they intimated that the Duke of Wellington had promised to *pull them through*, let the mire they were in be ever so filthy and disgusting. However, when it was communicated to the Duke and the Noble Lords who supported the Bill what sort of evidence I was prepared to give, and that Mr. Charles Pearson, an old Common Councilman, was summoned to bear me out in some of the charges of the grossest delinquency, they took the alarm, and a compromise, or rather abandonment of the City, was proposed. The result was this—that the Bill should pass into a law as it is, with this distinct understanding, that the whole of the Bridge House Estates should be appropriated for the payment, as far as it would go, of building the Bridge; that the duties on coal and on wine should go for the same purpose, as well as half the income of Fleet-market; and that the whole management of the concern should be taken from the Bridge Committee, and vested in the Lords of the Treasury; in fact, that the whole job should be taken out of the hands of the corrupt City Jobbers, and in future be wholly and solely carried into execution by the Government, and not by the City Corporation.

I received this statement of the facts both from Marquis Londonderry and Lord Durham. So you see, Gentlemen, these City Jobbing Common Councilmen have brought their pigs to a pretty market at last. They are declared by this proceeding—nay, they admit—that they, like the spendthrift, are unworthy any longer

to be entrusted with the property of others, and the Government have begun to take the management of it into their own hands.

It appears by the evidence given by Mr. Scott, that all the *vouchers* of the expenditure have been produced for the inspection of myself and brother Auditors; but the fact is, there are disbursements to the amount of upwards of 10,000*l.* of the last year's expenditure, of which the vouchers have not yet been produced. But, Gentlemen, I hope to meet you on Midsummer Day, when I will lay a more detailed account of all these matters before you. I and my brother Auditors have discovered *one thousand pounds a year* that has never yet been brought into the City account, but which will, in future, be placed to your credit.—I am, Gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,
H. HUNT.

The Bill has been passed by the Lords without any alteration, but an agreement has been entered into between the Corporation and the officers of the House of Lords, that *another bill shall be brought* in next year, to legalize the surrender described by Mr. HUNT. The moment that Mr. HUNT was made one of the Auditors of the accounts of the City, I said, “there is an end of the gormandizing, and speculation, or there is an end of what these fellows call the property of the city.” They would not give up the gormandizing: they calumniated their auditor; and the base crew of FARRINGTON-WITHOUT, favoured by ALDERMAN SHAWL, laid out and executed a plan, last St. Thomas's Day, for, as they thought, covering him with degradation. The discussion which then took place; the just complaints made by me, but particularly the vigilance and industry of Mr. HUNT, drew the attention of the whole country to the malversations of the City of London. When, therefore, this crew came to demand money out of the public treasury to effect works which ought to be effected out of the funds of the City, the Lords, before they passed the Bill, which had, like the Dead Body Bill, passed quietly enough in t'other place, said, “Stop: let us see how these people manage the property of this same city.” And was not this the bounden duty of the Lords? The Bill was, in fact, a *tax-bill*, and was the tax to be laid or continued without inquiry into the necessity

of it? In short, the LORDS did right, but it was MR. HUNT who had given them the clue for doing right. The thing will not, however, stop here. The property of the city of London is the property of all the people of London. The endowments were not made to support guzzling and gormandizing companies and committees. They were made at a time when there were no poor-rates in the kingdom: they were bequests or gifts from generous and pious persons, intended for the benefit of the middle and lower classes of persons, and particularly the latter. A reformed Parliament would restore them to their original and legitimate uses; and, accordingly, COCKEY WAITHMAN, when he was Sheriff, refused the request of MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, to call a County Meeting to petition for Parliamentary Reform. He had just sense enough to perceive that the reform would reach the City of London Parliament, and that was what the COCKEY by no means relished. He observed, upon a recent occasion, that they must take care what they were about in the City; for, if such goings on as Mr. Hunt's were tolerated, there would not be wanting persons to attack their privileges; that is to say, the privilege in these fellows to tax at their pleasure, and to insult and abuse half a million of people; a set of fellows who spend 600*l.* in a water-frolic to Oxford, and vote themselves sums of money for summer excursions, while they give to all the poor freemen's widows one single hundred pounds in the year. Let them rub out these facts, and then let them talk about the City privileges. They not only tax London, but they tax all the country round about London. For their treatment of MR. MICHAEL SCALES alone, they deserve to be stripped of all power and authority. We are indebted to the Lords upon this occasion, as upon so many other occasions, for having come to our protection; and, though I do not care to say much about motives when the action was so good, here, also, we are indebted to the workings of the paper-money, which will work still greater things with regard even to this corporation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I AM very much obliged to the gentleman who has sent me the Edinburgh Review, which I will ransack in the course of ten days. I am equally obliged to a worthy friend at Rye, who sends me some letters from intelligent emigrants in America, which letters I will publish, along with others, in the manner above described. I have written to America for information respecting manufacturers, which, when I receive it, I will publish; for, after the passing of the Dead-body Bill by the HOUSE OF COMMONS, I should look upon myself as criminal indeed, were I to neglect any means within my power, to enable men to place themselves beyond the reach of the dissecting knife. We are threatened, I see, with a revival of this project. The halt, the lame, the blind, the feeble, the insane, the aged, the miserable orphan, must abide their fate; but the active and strong need not run the risk. It gave me great pleasure to hear, that six stout and hearty single young men had set off this very Spring from the hamlet of ROBERTSBRIDGE to America; and I shall do every thing in my power to render such enterprises as little inconvenient as possible to the parties. I thank a City correspondent very much for his valuable communications. They correspond with every thing I hear from all quarters, and they leave in my mind not the smallest doubt, that this system is drawing to a close, and that we shall once more see England what it ought to be: King and Lords enjoying all their just prerogatives and privileges, and the people truly represented and enjoying their rights. In the meanwhile, however, and especially while the dead-body project is hanging over our heads, I am resolved to do what I can to rescue the possible victims.

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